

3515
A794
7
Copy 1



Song - Drops



BY
LOUISE HART





LOUISE HART

Born January 27, 1911
Columbus, Georgia

SONG-DROPS

By LOUISE HART

11



PS3515
.A794S7

COPYRIGHT 1917

BY

MRS. WM. L. BULLARD

COLUMBUS, GA.

38

GILBERT PRINTING CO., COLUMBUS, GA.

©CL.A477727

NOV 26 1917

No. 1

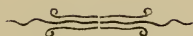
THESE POEMS COMPOSED BY
LOUISE HART
ARE, IN GREAT AFFECTION, DEDICATED TO HER
GREAT GRANDPARENTS,
ALFRED OWEN BLACKMAR, II
MARY ANN BLACKMAR,
ON THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR
WEDDED LIFE.

*Columbus, Ga.,
November 18, 1917.*

She mirrors in her inspired mind sylvan scenes, and the fragrant odors of oak and pine warm into expression thoughts deeper than those conveyed by printed page.

—A. O. B.

SONG - DROPS



LOVE

WHEN moon and star
Peep from beneath the clouds,
So soft and fair,
Lullabies are heard
From the bird
On the evening air.
Oh, true,
So true,
Under leaf,
Under bough,
In the whole wide world
Does love abide now.

*Tall Timber,
July, 1917.*

THE SEA - MAIDEN

SHE was bathed in dew;
Her robes were misty clouds;
Her eyes were sea-blue;
Her face was the lily;
Who had these beauties?
They are not known to the world,
Only to the Sea-Maidens!
Now the Sea foams,
And from it rises the Maiden of the Sea,
The clouds come dimly over,
And hide my Sea-Maiden from me.

*Tall Timber,
October 19, 1917.*

TO A VIOLET IN THE RAIN

VIOLET, when rain doth pour,
You shall be the Queen of more.
I'll tell the winds as they whisk by thee
You've made the Spring-time fair to me.
Dear Violet,
So wet,
In the summer, I'll not forget.

*Warm Springs, Ga.
April, 1917.*

BEFORE THE FIRE

O! Coals that glitter so fast,
And are about to fade,
It seems as if you are a picture for the
wall,
But you are vicious!
If I touch you, you burn me.
The blue flames, gliding about,
Are robes of dancing maidens bright;
And in the dark chimney with soot about
Are witches brewing dark charms in and out;
Shadows are clutched by witches' hands.
All the imaginary bands
Of creatures of the fire
Are from the inward eye.

Tall Timber,
October 19, 1917.

WINTER

*[Printed in July (1917) number of "Poetry" a magazine
of verse, and now reprinted by permission.]*

THE snow-flakes fall upon the ground;
The snow-banks are gilded with beauty.
Moon-Maidens come to drive upon the snow,
And then it melts,
And the moon closes her eyes slenderly.
January, 1917.

NATURE'S CHANGES

O H, the frost is heavy
And hides Nature.
Ah! Nature,
With your robes of pink, and blue and
starry yellow flowers!
The willow has many plumes, fit for a
gorgeous crown.
Your crown is made of autumn leaves,
That shimmer high and low.
Now—fast falls the snow,
The grassy plots are ice
And Nature lifts her arms about me,
Her winter veils fall o'er the year's beauties,
And she sleeps!

Tall Timber,
October 19, 1917.

AFTER SUNSET

A golden misted sky,
A moon above;
Angels cling within the clouds,
And the dark blistered trees wonder at the
golden sky,
With clouds above.
Soft breezes pass!

January 21, 1917.

NIGHT AND MORNING

WHEN butterflies twinkle softly
And the rose's buds are tightly closed,
Dew falls,
Then Heaven's golden ladder is let down;
The angels descend,
And sweetly the stars peep,
When it is almost morn
The golden ladder is drawn up;
And, as Aurora's first golden ray lights
gladly on the rose's buds,
Petal by petal, they open!

Tall Timber,
August, 1917.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL

[*Printed in July (1917) number of "Poetry," a magazine
of verse, and now reprinted by permission.*]

"OH, Time flies fast,
Days fly fast,
Years fly fast.
But love—stays fast
Folded in your breast."

Columbus, Ga.,
October, 1916.

SEA ADVENTURES

THE sea-gulls fly fast;
The waves dash o'er the ships,
Showing curious shells, upturned from the
ocean's depths—
Oh! That I might see the Maidens of the Sea!
The sea dashes under and in,
Oh, the sea dashes over the boats.
Ah! I have gone to the bottom!
Where are the Sea-Maidens now?
I wander here and there,
And look for their ocean home,
But they vanish, in the foam!

Tall Timber,
October 19, 1917.

TO A LOG FIRE

THE fire closes its robes in dangling
sparks
As it dances;
Then the fire doth spread its sparkling robes,
The fire doth burn again,
And talks in poems and songs:
"I give the night light
And sparks throw out.
In the chimney, I do live
And heat I give to those in slumber."
So ends my poem of the firelight, bright.

January 15, 1917.

THE TREE'S BALL

THE trees are in their green dresses,
Tonight is their ball;
Pines and cedars and maples tall,
And gardenias dance in their white flowers
and green coats,
And bow to the trees.

The crepe-myrtle nods its head;
The lily wears her robe of purple
As she dances her beautiful dance;
The night dies, and a mourning shade
comes over them;
The dance fades with a bow.

January 10, 1917.

TO LOUISE McPHERSON

THERE is no woman beautiful, as the
one whose name is Louise;
Her face is a glimmer of sun,
Her breast like a rose;
Her evening jeweled hair of black is lovely—
She walks to the garden straight,
By the hollyhock she waits.
A dewy rose pricks her dress;
The day fades;
She gilds the night.

January, 1917.

SOAP-BUBBLES

THE soap-bubbles dance
As I hold them in my hand;
The soap-bubbles dance in all the tub-land,
As they foam like lace about my shoulders.
The colors dance and sing
When I look through a big bubble;
They bend about my arms,
They twine about my legs,
And make them look white,
Though they're pink—
Oh, they look like an arch,
Strewn with figures and curious things,
Curious lights!
From the water's edge they dart.

*Tall Timber,
December, 1916.*

THE FAIRIES' SONG

WHEN the silver moon
From out the cloudy sky
Has put her face,
We will dance in ecstasy,
We will shower daises down
Among the brown broom-sedges
And then we vanish,
For it is dawn!

March, 1917.

MOON - M A G I C

A RE you invisible?
Are you invisible?
Ah! How I wish 'twas Hallowe'en,
When witches and elves are to be seen!
The shadows deep are graved on the
shadowy ground,
While up above the clouds are white;
Angels ride among them;
The fire-flies glisten bright,
While the stars shine out—
Then a mist—

December 30, 1916.

T H E S P I D E R ' S W E B

*[Printed in July (1917) number of "Poetry," a magazine
of verse, and now reprinted by permission.]*

O H, Spider,
I love your spun web
With pearls about it.
If only one could touch such beauty
And not destroy it!
But Spider, keep your pearls
Like shimmering ornaments.

December 4, 1916.

ANGEL - LAND

BEAUTY came down on the wings of a
dove

From Angel-Land—

The Angels were swinging among the stars,
And halos of roses fast were around their
heads,

Ringed in love;

Thrice dancing about them were fairy
clusters

Clothed in white;

The Angels wore pure gold,

With forget-me-nots,

Swinging slowly.

February 2, 1917.

SPRING IS WAKING

THE stream is bubbling by,
As the moon comes beaming down,
Little fairies make a band across the wood;
And merrily fly the clouds to welcome them
home;

Awakened birds twitter,

And softly sing of the promises

Of flowers in the garden

And jewels in the orchard.

March, 1917.

MOON

OH, Moon!

I see you between the pines and cedars.
Do you see the world beneath?
Are the stars your children?
Ah! Draw back, clouds, there,
To welcome Mother Moon
And the little stars on her breast.

Then the Moon got entangled in some bay
trees,

So came the butter-flies and bees
To suck her honey;
But they passed to the blossoms of the bay,
Where they would stay, stay, stay;
And they kiss her white lips
And flutter away.
But the moon floated on
And was lost in the dawn.

June, 1917.

SUNSHINE glimmered over the fields of
brown,

And merry flowers tossed their heads
And bowed
Anciently,
As slowly among them Evangeline wandered;
Then my thoughts wander and fly away.

February 2, 1917.

GRANDMOTHER

GRANDMOTHER said, "When I am gone,
Take this patch-work which I have
done;

There are silver rings and bracelets of gold,
and round, shining dollars,

And many a flower to bloom,

And much green grass;

But when you see

This patch-work, you'll think only of me."

"And leave me forever?" the little girl said;

"Never to kiss me?

Be always dead?"

"Do not cry, little maiden,"

Grandma said.

May 20, 1917.

NEW MOON

WHEN creamy clouds and golden stars
Come in the sky,

In the cradle of the rocking moon

There lies

An angel with a white rose.

June, 1917.

THE EVENING HOUR

BUDS open
And dew falls in the evening hour,
And perfume flows from every flower.

The rabbits scurry under the trees;
The leaves rustle,
So cool blows the breeze,
And perfume flows from every flower.

When perfume flows from every flower,
The river of charms
Rushes over me
And drowns me in its arms.

June, 1917.

GENTLE RAIN

THE gentle rain falls on grass and ground,
Under the maples the fairies roam,
While the rain drops freckle their leafy
home;
The spotted lilies nod and say,
"We are not now more freckled than they!"

July, 1917.

TO A GRAN' SIR GREY-BEARD

*[On finding a splendid and beloved specimen
of blossoming gran' sir grey-beard wantonly
mutilated.]*

OH, gran' sir! Thou art ruined by cruel
hands,
But love will bring thee once more to beauty.
An odd flower thou art!
Thou hangest like white moss
Mingled with glossy, green little leaves;
Or art thou weeping?
Thou wert fair,
Gran' sir grey-beard!

April, 1917.

SUN LIGHT

ROSE of the dawn,
A glimmer of wheat,
And over the fields the sun is rising;
Butter-flies come in bright clusters;
Narcissus waves to and fro;
A crowned fairy came within that meadow.
The sun speaks!
Light, oh, beautiful Light!
Light, oh, beautiful Light!
Of all beauties,
Light is most beautiful!

October, 1916.

SUMMER RAIN

THE jeweled rain drops fall
As throbs the peacock's cry;
And frightened doves fly through the sky,
And diamonds fall from every tree,
Showing how lovely a rainy day may be!
July, 1917.

SPRING DAYS

THE rainy spring days have come
Plum blossoms glisten like snow;
The Queen is a-top,
With a dress of flower petals;
Below—
The philadelphus and spirea bloom,
As beautiful as stars, and love.
March, 1917.

THE moon flies to rest, over the evening
garden of flowers;
An awakened bird sings a song in the West,
Where the jeweled roses climb.
The moon sinks again in the flower of the
Evening West;
Then a lover came through the mist
And cried for his Juliette.
A love moon!
Moon! Oh, moon!
January, 1917.

THE MAGIC POT

ONCE there was an old man who had nothing but a pot! This pot would boil his food whenever he asked for it. It was also a great comfort to him. It would make itself into a bed whenever he wanted one. And when he wished gold, the pot would go and bring him gold by the thousands. One day as the old man sat before the fire, he said: "Please bring me my wife and build me a house." His wife had deserted him because he was poor, and she had taken away everything from him but the old pot, which she thought of no use. However, the pot was of great use to him. The pot brought a little cottage on rollers, and as it came up, the door opened, and there appeared his wife. She said, "Come in." And the door closed on them, and that was the last ever heard of the old man or the magic pot.

October 27, 1917.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 628 6

